

i'll give you nothing but walking dreams  
by anincomingdisaster

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Summary: AU. If Nice and Murasaki were to meet at a different time under different circumstances. {Murasaki/Nice} Oneshot. Warning for brief violence and implied (minor) character death.

i'll give you nothing but walking dreams

\*\*prepare for the most bullshitted bullshit that has ever been bullshitted by a professional bullshitter\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>The first time they meet is when Murasaki is nine and Nice is seventeen.</p>

The day had been ordinary; Murasaki left his apartment after a heated discussion with his mother about his walking-alone-in-the-city capabilities, insisting that yes, he knew how to get to the pharmacy and no, he's not going to inside any white vans that pull up next to him when he's strolling on the sidewalk. Murasaki may be young, but he's not an idiot, thank you very much.

And bidding his mother a cheery farewell and ignoring her stern \_be safe out there! \_(despite the many times he has made weekly trips into the big city), he makes his merry way to the pharmacy so conveniently located in the next town.

Murasaki doesn't understand the big fuss over his well-being, really, pondering over such unnecessary adult concerns while weaving his tiny frame through the looming shadows of other city-dwellers crowding his path. It's not as if anything special were to happen; his once-a-week rendezvous to get prescribed medicine for his sickly mother was standard in his daily routine and if anything were to happen (not that it would) he would immediately contact her.

Besides, the only major event that ever took place in his quite

peaceful city were the occasional bank robberies that were quelled the moment it got out of hand (which the police were completely capable of, Murasaki assumes, not actually aware of the extent of the police's usefulness).

However, it seems as fate decided to mess with the oblivious child on his usual trip to a pharmacy.

He hears an animalistic screech in the distance, one so horrifying and deadly that it shakes his bones upon hearing it (anyone who had the misfortune of hearing that scream up-close is surely to be dead). After that strange disturbance, it was completely silent and the shriek could be heard again as nearby glass started to shatter and spill onto the unsuspecting civilians, their loud screaming deafening to Murasaki's ears as he tries to make his way to safety, only to fall victim to a crumbling storefront right near him.

He finds it hard to breathe as fallen debris invades his nostrils and his glasses are stained with considerable amounts of dust. He can feel a headache coming in and it's so severe that he trembles in pain, coughing out the bitter pressure he feels in his chest.

The frenetic screeching of other citizens hasn't settled; in fact it has increased in intensity but Murasaki is more concerned with the crushing feeling in his chest as steel continues to compress on his torso and the whooshing noises in his ears that he's sure is not normal.

He remembers his mother telling him to remain calm if he were to be put in situations such as this, but all her instructions go right through the window as his breathing goes more erratic and dreadful thoughts of I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die, I'm gonna die circulating in his oxygen-deprived, and now paranoid, mind.

There's so much screaming he just wants it stop, he wants them to stop already so that someone can please hear his desperate please for help, someone, anyone, to come save him. He gasps heavily, the pulverizing feeling of imminent death sitting idly on his chest, just mocking him -

"HEY! IS THERE ANYONE HERE?"

- and his prayers of rescue are finally realized as he screams for help and he feels tears running down his cheeks, which is something he would usually find embarrassing but he's too relieved to care, as a brunet runs into his line of sight.

He sees the brunet wince at his current condition and rushes towards him quickly, bending down so that his face is on level with steel.

"Hang in there kid, I'll get you out," he says confidently, reaching down and heaving the obtrusive steel to the side that once blocked Murasaki from ever tasting life again.

Murasaki wheezes, standing up slowly as shivers rack his body from experiencing such a traumatizing ordeal. The brunet rushes to his side, kneeling so that he can inspect the boy's injuries more closely. He whistles lowly as he examines the still bleeding wounds that are now visible due to the multiple tears littering his once

pristine white shirt (Murasaki groans inwardly at the mess; his mom's going to be \_so \_mad when she sees this).

Now that Murasaki is finally out of that deathtrap, he can finally see his hero's face more closely as said hero is tending to his bruises that are darkening in a slight purple hue, and man is Murasaki glad he did that because he \_very \_well appreciates the sight he has been greeted with.

Murasaki muses that the brunet is in his late teens at most, with bandages adorning both his cheeks and across the bridge of his nose; however, it's not the bandages that catch his attention but the teen's eyes, that are currently focused on the flexibility of his probably broken arm, and despite him looking down, Murasaki can clearly see the prominent concern in those blue depths and he looks to the side quickly, hoping that he didn't catch him staring.

Murasaki may be young, but he can notice a beautiful person when he sees one.

\_This person's an angel\_, he thinks idly, shuffling his feet around as a comfortable silence drapes over the two, save for the distant wailing of police sirens.

Apparently he said something funny as his hero laughs lightly and stands up, satisfied with his work.

"I'm no angel, kid," he laughs (it has an average pitch but a pleasant lilt to it and Murasaki wouldn't mind hearing it again). He dusts off his hands, "but I guess I'm not a regular human, either."

Murasaki just stares at the teen, not understanding the hidden implications in his statement, so he just resorts to thanking him.

"No problem," the stranger grins, taking Murasaki's hand and leading him away from the detritus that was once the storefront of a flower shop (which belonged to a scary lady with dark purple hair, Murasaki remembers).

"Ah, I'm Nice by the way," the brunet says, abruptly turning around once they've reached a safe place and knelt down so that they were face-to-face.

"What's your name?" the teen, Nice, asks, wiping away at the now drying tear stains on Murasaki's chubby cheeks.

"Murasaki," he mumbles, blushing from the attention his face was receiving and from the sudden proximity.

"A befitting name for you," Nice smiles, fixing Murasaki's askew glasses.

Murasaki tentatively smiles back, deciding to humor the brunet. "At least mine sounds like a name. What kind of name is 'Nice', anyway?"

Nice huffs dramatically, standing back up and clasping Murasaki's

hand with his own. "Jeez, I just saved your life. You should be grateful, smartass."

"Thank you, Nice-san," Murasaki says, his face taking a serious expression all of a sudden as his hands start to feel clammy and he hopes to every deity out there that Nice doesn't notice the dampness in his own.

"Woah there, I was joking," Nice laughs, swinging their joined hands between them, seemingly unfazed by Murasaki's fervent sweating. "But you're welcome," he says, casting a blinding smile at Murasaki, who looks away, trying to fight the blush that threatens to take over his cheeks.

When he looks away, he's surprised by the destructive landscape that graces his vision; everywhere that he looks to is pure wreckage; concrete that was once in buildings are now strewn across the streets as people run about the rubble haphazardly. Yellow police tape surround a now empty intersection as officers struggle to push a teen with a black mask strapped across his mouth into a car.

"Um, Nice-san - "

"Drop the honorific," Nice frowns, scratching at the bandage on his cheek with his free hand idly.

" - Nice-kun," (he hears a sigh from the brunet, but continues to talk anyway), "what happened?"

Nice hums, the hand that was on his face now in his vest pocket. "Some Minimum Holder decided to cause a ruckus, that's all. Guess I came at the right time, huh? I'm just glad I got to you in time," he says, glancing behind the officers who have finally succeeded at subduing the Minimum Holder and are proceeding to drive away.

Murasaki is not new to Minimum Holders; he's heard of them before and saw them on the news all the time, but he didn't think he would actually meet one, let alone be dragged into a mess caused by one.

"So, wanna get ice cream?" Nice chirps, fishing out some spare change from his pocket and counting them. He lets out an annoyed \_tsk \_when he's done, a sheepish grin settling on his face. "Nevermind, I don't have enough money for that. But we can get candy or something else instead."

Murasaki just nods, not really wanting to eat anything but allows the smiling teen to continue with his chivalrous act (but it's not like Nice has a pretty smile or anything, Murasaki just doesn't want him frowning since that'll give him wrinkles in the future and Nice's nice face doesn't deserve that, certainly not).

They arrive at a corner-store and the bells jingles as they enter, with Nice walking towards the candy section and asking what he wants, but his question goes completely over the child's head as he's too absorbed in his own thoughts to notice.

\_If Nice was able to stop that Minimum Holder without being injured, then that must mean he's one too\_, Murasaki deduces, pointing at a

random chocolate on the shelf when Nice asks again. He can hear Nice mumbling something about \_that's kind of expensive can you choose something else\_ but elects to ignore him, satisfying the teen with a \_just get whatever\_.

\_I'd never thought I'd ever meet a Minimum Holder\_, Murasaki thinks as they leave the store, a chocolate bar in one hand and Nice's hand in the other. \_They're kind of cool, though, I wonder what it's like being one.\_

He doesn't feel like eating, so he just stuffs the treat in his pocket and glances up, only to see Nice staring at some girl's legs on the other street while she's talking on the phone, who's completely oblivious to the brunet's staring as a blush blossoms on his face.

All of the possible idolatry Murasaki has accumulated for Nice is gone and extreme annoyance is left in its wake.

"Pervert!" he shouts, gaining the attention of some of the people who still lingered around the area.

Nice snaps out of his daze at the accusation, flailing his hands in front of Murasaki while shushing him. "Shut up, you brat! Why do you have to be so loud?!"

He grumbles to himself, his grip on Murasaki unconsciously going tighter than Murasaki has to ask him to loosen it.

"Eh? Sorry 'bout that," Nice apologizes blankly, humming and swinging their hands again and Murasaki surprisingly finds himself humming along as well.

"Where do you live?" he asks randomly, breaking the silence. He stops, waiting for the younger to answer.

"It's just up ahead..." Murasaki sulks, his head down and his eyes glued to the pavement. He can't help but feel a connection with this guy and it's strange to think so, but he knew the instant \_click!\_ he felt with him once he laid eyes on him isn't something to be ignored. It's saddening that they'd have to part ways so soon, especially when he maybe, sort of liked Nice (only maybe, though, because he has to admit that Nice seems like a fun person to hang around with or maybe that's just him being too generous of his personality).

Nice lets go of Murasaki's hand and sets it atop Murasaki's head, mussing up the carefully straightened lavender hair. "What's the matter, squirt?" he questions affectionately, Murasaki squeaking and swatting his hand away.

"I wanted to spend more time with you..." he mutters, his cheeks flushing heavily at his choice words.

Nice blinks at the younger boy, watching as scarlet begins to spread across his cheeks and smiles. "Aww, that's so sweet Murasaki!" he coos, pinching the adorable boy's cheeks, ignoring Murasaki's cries of \_stop that, you jerk!\_

Nice stops his assault on the boy's face and pats his cheek softly, contrasting the roughness of the earlier pinching. "We'll meet again

someday," he assures Murasaki solemnly, kissing the boy on the crown of his head. "Promise."

Murasaki's blush returns tenfold and stutters out a "Y-Yeah..." still looking at the ground sadly. He looks up when he hears Nice calling his name and is surprised to see a pair of neon yellow headphones in front of him. Nice shakes it, signaling the boy that he should take it.

Murasaki takes the headphones into his hands, marveling at its light weight and bright color as he spreads his fingers across it, mapping out each and every possible crevice of it.

"Wait, I can have this?" Murasaki inquires timidly, not entirely sure as to accept the gift.

The intensity of Nice's smile is worth asking though, as he's sure that he'll almost go blind by the sheer brightness emitted from both his smile and the affection in his blue, blue eyes.

"Keep it as a souvenir," Nice says, positioning the headphones on Murasaki's neck, "from a legend," he adds, smirking haughtily.

Murasaki snorts at the remark, but accepts the 'legend's' gift anyway, incredibly happy (not that he'll Nice know, of course not, that'd just go to his head).

They finally arrive at Murasaki's home, Nice ushering him to go inside. "Your folks are probably worried. We'll see each other again, don't worry," he says, somehow sensing Murasaki's doubt. He tousles the boy's hair again, grinning at Murasaki's apparent frustration of the action. "Hey, I made a promise and I'll see it to the end. Take care of yourself till then, 'kay?"

Murasaki nods mutely, still visibly upset. Nice kisses his forehead and beams at him. Holding Murasaki's pinky finger with his own, he says, "It's a promise, then," steering the younger into the building. Nice takes this as his cue to leave as Murasaki enters, waving at him for what he hopes isn't the last time he'll see the brunet again.

It's when Murasaki skips to his door jocundly, the promising weight of the headphones resting against the back of his neck, that he realizes that he forgot to get his mother's medicine.

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><p>The second time they meet is when Murasaki is twelve and Nice is twenty.</p>

It's been three years since he's last heard from the brunet and he's knows it's stupid and childish to think so, but he really, really wants to meet Nice again, even if for a split second.

Three long suffering years, but to no avail; Murasaki is sure that Nice didn't even bother trying to contact him, that asshole, especially since he has such a life-changing experience with him (but it upsets him that maybe Nice doesn't really care and he shakes his head, vehemently denying such an outrageous prospect).

He wakes up in cold sweat, blankets strewn from his body that land messily onto the floor from his unmerciful kicking and he feels himself shaking; quivering so hard that he feels his limbs might fall off.

It's the same dread as the day before, week before, even months before and it still continues to plague his mind constantly; the incessant nightmare of meeting Nice one day, only for the brunet to ask him who he was and if they've ever met before.

Murasaki doesn't think he'd be able to handle that if it were to actually happen.

He sighs and cards a hand through his mussed hair, slipping out of bed with a grace that a twelve-year-old could muster. He takes off his pajama shirt, the one with a red rectangular glasses and neon yellow headphones pattern on it (having it custom made was one feat in itself, explaining it to his mother when it was shipped to their doorstep, however was another story, so he just took the package and left wordlessly).

Murasaki strolled to the bathroom lazily, reaching out his hand to turn the knob, only to find himself groping at nothing. He blinks owlishly at his open hand and oh yeah, there is no door to open.

Now he remembers. It was just months ago when he realized that he had a minimum, though he had to find out in the most unfortunate way possible. You can't blame him really, he was just minding his own business and when he opened the door sluggishly, it just happened to tear off the hinges and crash on his floor like thunder.

His mother's footsteps were even louder as it approached his room and all he saw was a woman so shocked that it worried him that she might faint at any moment. (His squeak of "I-I can explain!" goes completely over her head as she left her son's room, murmuring a faint "goddammit...").

It was only after a broken sink, six door replacements, and suspiciously loose wall tiles later that Murasaki found out how to consciously activate his minimum (though, it would have been more useful if he found out earlier that keeping his glasses on would have prevented all those damages and kept his mother a bit more sane).

He goes about his freshening slowly, still not used to his power and the absolute terror he feels when he sees his mother glaring lividly from his bedroom doorway is enough to keep any individual on their toes. That, and he doesn't want to keep going to the Ikea store in the town over asking for more stronger doors (he literally goes there so often that one the employees, Gasquet, greets him with the usual "So what kind of furniture do you need today?").

It's a Saturday, which means no school but taking a trip to the pharmacy for his mother's medicine, though he goes monthly for refills instead of the usual weekly routine; which kind of saddens him since that lessens his chances of meeting a certain brunet and he laughs bitterly at that as he leaves the house with a "I'm going now mom!" and the usual retort of "Make sure to actually bring it this time!"

Three years and she still hasn't gotten over the fact he just so happened to forget about her medicine, coming home with a huge smile on his face and headphones resting innocently on his neck instead.

Three years and Murasaki still hasn't given up on meeting Nice again. He's determined to complete his end of the promise, his sigh melting with the humidity of the summer air, \_so when are you going to complete yours?\_

His walk goes about quietly, save for the jubilant laughs of the neighborhood children and the chatting of supervising adults. The usual children playing, the usual blaring sun, the usual traffic noises as he enters the city, the usual \_everything\_. It's just so damn \_normal\_ that it pisses him off. That fateful day of meeting Nice happened to start out just as usual as today and he absolutely loathes the fact that this gives him a slimmer of hope of meeting the brunet again.

Murasaki's inner turmoil apparently manifests on his face as he notices that some adults shrink away from him in fear.

He kicks the ground in anger. "Stupid, stupid Nice. If you're not going to keep your promises, at least have the dignity to not lie straight to my face, you stupid jerk - "

He's interrupted when he hears a pained groan, a shout, something tearing. It sounds like a fight, judging from the yelling and shuffling.

\_I-It's probably nothing\_, he thinks nervously, the jovial skip in his steps replaced with an anxious need to get the hell out of there.

"Get the hell off me, shithead!"

Murasaki stops again when he hears the aggressive shout and the muffled grunts of pain that comes after it. His heart is thumping loudly in his chest, in his ears and with each thump his ribcage feels heavier, almost as if it were to collapse on itself at any moment.

\_I definitely know I'm not the only one hearing this\_, he thinks, scrutinizing the faces of strangers as they furtively glance around, minutely noticing the sounds of a fight and look forward again, brusquely pushing past Murasaki, who still remains rooted to the ground. Seeing all this is confirmation enough.

\_Why isn't anyone doing anything then?! \_he screams in his head, biting his lower lip in frustration as the hammering in his chest increases relentlessly. \_And I'm a kid. It's not as if they'd actually listen to me\_, he muses, temporarily satisfied with his justifiable excuse for his cowardice.

His head inclines towards the noises - seemingly coming from a reclusive alleyway - and he can feel the immense guilt in his chest weighing him down all the way to his toes. Even when he has reached his decision, even when he knows that his mere presence probably won't change a damn thing, even when he's so aggravated at the adults for not doing anything and what's he's doing now is the most

irrational thing he's done in all of his life, he speeds forward, not once looking back to the merciless illusion of safety.

\* \* \*

><p>Murasaki is out of breath by the time he stops from running for what felt like ages. It's almost as if the alleyway kept wounding on and on and when he finally feels that he's at the end, it stretches even further.</p>

\_How am I supposed to stop the fight if I'm already tired\_? he thinks, wiping away the sweat pooled on his brow and neck from either exhaustion or anxiety; he's not sure from which. He catches his breath and starts walking again at a slower pace, feeling as if his gut dropped with every step that he took. He grimaces at the acrid stench of garbage - and blood? - lingering in the stagnant air.

Murasaki curses his sense of justice, which has doubled over since he got his minimum and the feeling of responsibility hanging heavily on his shoulders as he walks even faster.

He tries to ignore the wishful thinking that the voice that shouted out earlier from pain seemed vaguely familiar.

"You'll pay for that, you piece of shit!" he hears, followed by the sound of flesh being struck.

Murasaki stops, stunned and rushes forwards in a blind fit of both fear and outrage. He can't back out now, he thinks, as he runs, screaming and feels his fist connecting with the first person he sees.

\* \* \*

><p>If Nice had known that he would be knocked out (possibly drugged), kidnapped during a job (which was most likely a ruse), dropped into a deserted alleyway (which stinks, by the way), and then got the shit beat out of him (how pleasant), he wouldn't have gotten out of bed today.</p>

"But here I am anyway," he grumbles, coughing from the exertion needed for just talking alone. He feels liquid running down his face, some dried, some new as it drips from his forehead. It hurts to move, to talk, to breathe and he just wants all of this to be done already. Pain explodes everywhere on his body, most of the damage delivered to his legs to prevent any intentions of escape.

"Huh? You say something, punk?" A masked person enters his line of vision and picks him up roughly by his collar from his precious position of heaving blood and who knows what else on the ground.

Nice grunts, the sudden action of movement too much for his bruised body to bare. "Tch, I said that you must be pretty ugly to wear a mask. Cowardly even, since you and your lackeys decided to attack me while armed. At least have the decency to show your face," he smirks, fully knowing well that sassiness isn't the proper solution here and braces himself for the punch surely coming to his already fucked up face.

The punch doesn't come however, and he opens one of his closed eyes slowly, grateful that they didn't decide to punch his eyes. His face, lower body, and his precious headphones though, are another story.

His eyes widen dramatically when he feels something sharp piercing the skin on his neck and the masked face emits a sound close to 'goodnight'.

Nice screams, hoping that someone would hear him (it's in the middle of the goddamn day, how come no one's helping him?!), effectively startling his attacker so that he drops what appears to be a syringe only partially filled with a dull yellow fluid.

"Get the hell off me, shithead!" the brunet screeches, his ears picking up something almost inaudible, something like frantic footsteps and erratic breathing. Nice takes the opportunity of the assaulter being momentarily dazed and punches them with all his might, a sickening crunch deafening the once silent alleyway. The masked person falls on the ground, clutching their now broken arm and howling in pain.

Seeing their comrade fall, the other two masked people take out their respective weapons, a bat and a knife, and charge at Nice.

"You'll pay for that, you piece of shit!" the one with the bat screams, swinging it directly on Nice's chest, causing the brunet to fall back from the impact.

Before Nice could defend himself from the next onslaught, a flash of silver blurs past him and the one holding the bat flies through the air, denting the wall, and sliding down to the ground in a lifeless heap.

Nice gapes as the silver blur then proceeds to pummel the other masked individual and is knocked out just as quick as the other one.

Nice struggles to breathe as the silhouette approaches him cautiously, kneeling slightly and thrusting out a hand for the brunet to take.

He takes it shakily as his savior all but gracefully pulls him from the ground, Nice hissing his pain from using his bruised limbs. "S-Sorry," his savior stammers, rushing to Nice's side and looping his arm around his waist, trying to balance the wobbly brunet.

Nice tries to swat his hands away, but to no avail as the other boy's grip is a tad too strong and he really needs the extra support (though his pride wouldn't like to admit it).

"Thanks, Murasaki," he says, ruffling the shock of silver hair under his armpit.

The boy splutters, his grip on Nice tightening unconsciously. "W-Wha - how do you know my name?"

Nice can see that the boy is suspicious of him now, mixed with the concern evident on his face. He can feel a laugh bubbling up his

throat and he doubles over in pain. The boy immediately tries to help him again, though his actions seem more exasperated.

"You shouldn't move so much when you're in such critical conditions, sir."

Nice tries to muffle another laugh coming up and elects to muss up Murasaki's hair again, causing the boy to scowl up at him. He's surprised to see an intense serious expression on the brunet's face.

"You honestly don't remember me?"

Murasaki blinks, confused by this stranger's antics. He's only here since he heard someone screaming for help and now he's asking that he knows him? Truly the signs of someone gone crazy. But he tries to rack his brain for this person that he's sure he hasn't seen before.

The brunet has scars and bruises littering all over his face, a lengthy one running from the bridge of his nose to his forehead where his brown bangs part slightly. The bandages on his cheeks are stained red and a hideous purple is blotched around the column of his neck. Murasaki tries to see past all of the wounds on his face and he feels a familiar pang in his chest as he looks into deep blue eyes, the same ones that haunt his dreams at night.

"N-Nice...?"

Nice grins broadly, wincing from the action, but to Murasaki it seems that the pain doesn't bother him at all. "Heh, don't wear it out."

Murasaki feels a surge of emotions overwhelm him, most of it being anger and sadness, but immense relief is most dominant. After three years of an aggravating wait and he's finally reunited with Nice, three years since he last felt the fleeting touch of the brunet, three years since he last seen Nice's beautiful smile.

He didn't think their reunion would be like this though, in a damp, disgusting alleyway with Nice all bloodied and beaten and three masked people unconscious on the ground (Murasaki's naive mind imagined a more appropriate reunion, with the cliched petals dancing in the wind and at their hair and the sunset in the distance and though it frightened Murasaki with how romantic that seemed, he would've greatly appreciated it than with this).

"Y-You idiot!" Murasaki sobs, headbutting Nice's stomach, causing the brunet to yelp from the abrupt action.

"What the fuck, Murasaki! I'm already hurt as it is, don't add more to the pain!" Nice yells, trying to wrestle the boy from further hurting him.

"You're hurt?! You promised me that we'd meet again and it's been three years! And here I am saving your sorry ass in a garbage dump!" he cries, tears streaming down his face as an angry red blotches his cheeks.

Nice winces, fully knowing that the accusations thrown at him are

true and he knows that no bullshit explanation will save his, as Murasaki eloquently put it, 'sorry ass'. He lets the boy cry into his shirt, trying to soothe him by patting his head awkwardly.

After what felt like an eternity of just standing there, Murasaki's sniffles died down and pulls away from Nice, wiping at his wet cheeks. "S-Sorry," he mutters.

"You shouldn't apologize. I'm sorry, Murasaki, I truly am. I guess I really don't have an explanation, huh," he laughs dryly, scratching at his bandage.

He's startled when he sees Murasaki smiling at him brightly, albeit looking ridiculous through his drying tear stains and red face, but positively beaming nonetheless.

"It doesn't matter now, I'm just glad I got to see you again."

Nice starts to choke and Murasaki is instantly at his side, hitting at the brunet's back rather hardy (he forgot about his glasses and moves to put them back on so that he doesn't Nice further than necessary). He hears a suspicious s-so cute from the brunet and almost falls from Nice hugging him rather intensely.

"Oh Murasaki! You're too good for me!" he squeals, rubbing his cheek on Murasaki's fondly as he pats his head, his other arm wound tightly around his back.

The redness of Murasaki's cheeks increase, now out of sheer embarrassment. "S-Shut up, stupid."

Nice ignores him, continuing to pet Murasaki's head as if he were some exotic animal and whispers mischievously, "My hero." He laughs when he sees that his actions weren't alleviating the poor boy's condition as his face rivals that of a tomato. He decides to add more salt to the wound by kissing his cheek, soft and fleeting.

That seemed to do the trick as the boy snaps out of his reverie and pushes away from Nice hurriedly, opting to gesticulate wildly instead.

"I-IT WAS NOTHING!" he screams as the blush overtakes his entire face and his ears to the point that it worries Nice that it might become permanent.

"Alright now that this is over with," Nice starts and grimaces as pain shoots through his stomach, "please take me to a hospital."

Murasaki stops pantomiming frantically when he realizes that the brunet is in pain and rushes to his side, gripping his waist once again.

"I can carry you if you want," he says, matching his pace to the older one as they walk slowly.

Nice's answer is immediate. "No."

"What? Why not? It won't hurt me and you don't seem that heavy," Murasaki retorts.

"Hell no. I'm not gonna get carried around by some kid," he argues childishly, clutching at his stomach when he feels something bubbling up uncomfortably in his gut. He hopes isn't vomit, for if he had the misfortune of barfing on Murasaki, he'll never see daylight again.

Murasaki pouts. "'Some kid'? You do realize I can just leave you here, suffering by yourself, right?"

Nice stiffens momentarily, not enjoying the prospect of being left there for who knows how long and then he'll die slowly and rot and then Koneko will bring him back to life just to beat his sorry ass back to oblivion - he shivers and Murasaki stays quiet once he sees Nice's expression of utter fear.

Nice recovers quickly though and grins at the boy. "Like you would do that," he says confidently. Please say that you won't do that, he adds mentally.

"Of course not," Murasaki mumbles, straightening his back to accommodate their height difference as they continue to their destination, already seeing the hospital blocks down.

"I'll never let anyone hurt you," he whispers.

"What was that?"

"N-Nothing."

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><p>Nice's injuries weren't incredibly fatal, which Murasaki was grateful for, but were dire enough that it required a long stay in the hospital, much to the brunet's dismay.</p>

The brunet was donning the signature pale blue hospital gown and had bandages (well, excluding the ones that were already on his face for whatever reason) adorning his face as well as on his legs, which were covered by the blanket. He was gazing out the window longingly and chewing absentmindedly on an apple slice that Murasaki had so graciously brought for him (to which he didn't have the decency to thank for, jeez the nerve of some people).

Murasaki is sitting on the chair adjacent to the bed, idly tracing his finger on the rim of the plastic container housing apple slices. His thoughts trail off to when they first entered the hospital, with him half holding half carrying a bleeding man, only for Nice and the doctor to have some sort of sass-off or whatever.

\* \* \*

><p>Murasaki didn't even take step into the hospital before he hears someone say, "Don't tell me the idiot hurt himself again."</p>

Nice splutters indignantly at the man before them. "I was attacked this time!"

Murasaki sees the man raise an unamused blue eyebrow, the other being covered with a black eyepatch. He seems tired, he thinks, noticing

the discernible sag under the man's visible eye. His dark blue hair is mussed slightly and even then, Murasaki can see that this man has an aura of practiced professionalism.

He thinks that he can like this man, especially after jabbing at Nice like that.

The blue-haired man's eye scrutinizes Nice's person and widens in what Murasaki believes to be concern (or maybe exasperation. Or both). He sighs and places a stack of papers on the receptionist desk before gesturing towards the dimly lit hallway behind him. "Let's get him checked, then."

It's when he turns around that Murasaki sees a blond kid clutching at the man's coat quite strongly and he's surprised because how did he not see that? He was about to think that maybe the kid was the quiet but clingy type before he opened his mouth.

"Hey, Ratio-chaaaan, are you going to back to work?" the blond whines, dragging out the honorific obnoxiously and Murasaki swears that he can see the doctor's, Ratio's, shoulders stiffen momentarily.

"I just left the room, Birthday. Of course I'm still at work," he says patiently.

The blond, Birthday (what a weird name, Murasaki thinks), pouts but follows Ratio anyway.

"Sorry to break your playdate or whatever," Nice interrupts, coughing into the hand not gripping on Murasaki's shoulder, "but I literally got beat the shit outta me and I would appreciate some medical assistance, thanks."

"I don't appreciate being sassed at, Nice," Ratio says, his previously fond expression hardening into a glare.

"Get me a fucking room already and then you can play with the brat," the brunet retorts, to which Birthday pouts at the remark directed at him.

Ratio doesn't even blink. "Well he's my friend, which is something I'm sure you're not familiar with," he says, completely unfazed. He lips quirk slightly when Birthday lets out an oooooooooh! behind him.

"I have friends!"

There's just a hint of a smile on his face before he turns around and enters the hallway, his gloved hand being held by the enthusiastic blond boy.

Murasaki can't help but smile. "He got you there."

"Shut up, Murasaki."

\* \* \*

><p>Murasaki smiles at the not so faint memory, but his amusement is quickly replaced by concern when the brunet hasn't said anything

since he has arrived. Did he do something wrong...?<p>

Nice coughs quietly, gaining Murasaki's attention and his expression is uncomfortably somber.

"Thanks, Murasaki," he says, his tone absolutely sincere.

The younger of the two can feel himself blushing, and hurriedly says, "I-It's nothing, I mean we had extra apples lying around so - "

He's cut off by Nice laughing, though it's hollow and dry and leaves a bad taste in Murasaki's mouth.

"No, I mean, thanks for everything. For saving me and taking care of me now," he laughs again, though it has more warmth than the one before, "I'm surprised you'd stick with me this long, though."

Everyone else probably would have left, he wants to say, but Nice bites his tongue.

"Yeah, well," Murasaki picks up a slice to chew on to hide his slightly upturned mouth, "who else will save your sorry ass?"

"True," is all Nice says and the room is enveloped in silence once again.

\* \* \*

><p>They don't meet after the hospital fiasco for a long while, but at least the idiot gave him his phone number so that they could keep in touch, or in Nice's case, call when his ass is about to get whooped or something among those lines.<p>

(Murasaki definitely does not initially save Nice's name in his contacts under 'love of my life.' Absolutely not. He blames the giddiness at the prospect of talking with Nice daily instead of relying on them meeting coincidentally under dire circumstances. He will never consciously use such a ridiculous title for the brunet. Well, maybe. But he doesn't need to know that. (He later changes it to 'idiot who would die without me')).

The now fifteen year old is laying on his bed, bored out of his mind. His stomach faces skyward and the room is comfortably silent save for the clutter of sounds coming from downstairs and the slap of metal against skin as Murasaki throws his phone in the air and catches it, repeating the action in a monotonous cycle.

He stops torturing the phone and holds it, Nice's warning of 'don't call me during emergencies because for some reason I never have my phone with me during that time' resounding in his head. Nice then hurriedly says 'you can call me whenever but not all the time because I have this nasty phone bill...'

He sighs, aggravated and resumes viciously throwing his phone in the air again (he has his glasses on this time since he does not want to break yet another phone and face the wrath of his mother. In his defense, he didn't think that his minimum would get out of hand and accidentally throw it so hard that it breaks a hole through the

ceiling).

The phone rings in mid-air and momentarily shocks Murasaki that he doesn't realize it falling down until it smacks him right on his nose. He mutters obscenities under his breath and check the caller ID, a familiar name flashing on the screen.

"I swear if my nose is broken, I'll break your nose and other body parts - "

His threats are cut when he hears erratic breathing (did he just hear a gunshot?) on the other side and it chills him to the bone.

"S-Sorry for calling so - " Nice is cut off by static and his voice is all jumbled up and it is certainly not lowering Murasaki's own racing heartbeat. He can hear cursing left and right and then another gunshot, one that sounds much more closer than before and Murasaki's heart is pounding along with booming noises in the background.

" - ack, f-fuck, they're everywhere," another gunshot, a distant noise of a horn, " - vermind, I'll save my own ass."

Click.

Murasaki hears something among the lines of I'm sorry Murasaki but it was barely audible that he's not so sure except for the dreadful fact that Nice's life is in danger.

He stares at the screen, dumbfounded and the ringing in his ears are drowning out the dull dialtone emanating from his phone.

His heart starts to beat even faster, if that were possible. What the hell is going on? He knows that Nice implied that he'd take care of the situation himself, but Murasaki knew that the brunet would not leave unscathed.

He starts to pace around on the floor, ignoring the soon-to-be marks that would appear later but his mind is too preoccupied with wondering as to where the brunet could possibly be.

Well, there were a lot of gunshots and from the sounds of it, none of which hit Nice, he thinks. So that must mean he's somewhere with lot's of space for the person to miss a bunch of times.

His eyes widen when he remembers hearing a horn in the distance and the distinct noise of something crashing against concrete -

- the harbor!

Murasaki dashes out of his room immediately after his revelation, almost tripping over in the hallway as he rushed down the stairs and snatched a random jacket from the rack and slipped on his sneakers. He misses his mother's call of where are you going?! over the sound of blood rushing in his ears as he runs through the dark and unforgiving night with both worry and determination driving him forward.

\* \* \*

><p>Nice coughs silently and blood spurts out of his mouth, dotting

his hand with thick crimson and he <em>really <em>wished he was getting lectured by Ratio instead.

He clasps his hand tightly over his trembling lips and clenches his eyes shut, not willing to risk even a breath, as if any minuscule movement, no matter how trivial, will be greeted instantaneously with death.

He jerks abruptly when he hears a gunshot not too far off and his back aches from remaining hunched over for who knows long (five minutes? Ten? He's stopped counting after his watch broke, caused by the slightest graze of a stray bullet and he would most definitely make the assaulter pay for their crime but he'd rather focus on not getting shot in the fucking face, thanks).

He'd try to call for Murasaki except that he can't since one, his phone was shot out of his hand and dropped in the ocean (possibly electrocuting some innocent fish) and two, he would rather die than let Murasaki get mixed up in his problems (which is something he wouldn't have to worry about considering the fact that death itself is literally chasing him while wearing a trenchcoat, a rifle and other assortments of weapons hidden in said trenchcoat, and sporting the most infuriating smirk in history).

Nice can't believe that he's been driven to hiding behind some coincidentally placed crates near a boarded ship and - wait, is that - is that fucker laughing?

Oh, hell no.

Nice may have done some, admittedly, stupid and idiotic things in his life, but he will not stand for being laughed at. No amount of humiliating situations will have him wound his ego (which will be the death of him, literally).

He huffs angrily and jumps out of his hiding spot, greeted with a gun in between his eyebrows and wow, who's great idea was it to do this.

The brunet laughs sheepishly, ignoring the liquid running down his leg, which could be either blood or pee and he really doesn't want to know considering the dreadful metal pressing into his skin uncomfortably can kill him at any moment (good job, Nice, he thinks. You're gonna die and people will find your dead body with unspecified fluids in your pants. Give yourself a mental pat on the back).

Well, if he's going down, he might as well look straight into the eyes of the killer himself and he's not surprised that a pair of indifferent violet eyes stare right back at him.

"It's been nice knowing you," is all the man says, his voice calm and cold, the moonlight hitting his lilac hair in a manner that casts an almost heavenly glow of his person, complicating contradicting his violent demeanor - and did he just make a fucking pun?

Before Nice can even open his mouth to make a (probably sassy) remark, he sees something flying in the air from the corner of his eye and promptly steps back, causing the other man to raise his eyebrows quizzically.

"What - ?" is all that escapes his mouth before his body is crushed beneath an anchor.

Right afterwards, Nice sees someone materializing from the shadows, their breaths coming out erratically and chest heaving due to exertion. Their face is just as shocked as Nice's, probably even more flabbergasted, which makes no sense since he's the one who decided to throw an anchor at someone out of goddamn nowhere, but Nice is in no position to complain since that kind of idiocy literally just saved his life.

He was about to thank the stranger when they step before him and the moonlight shines over their face and Nice can see it clearly - holy shit.

"M-Murasaki?!"

Said boy recovers from his state of shock and smiles instantly once he sees the brunet.

"Nice!" is all he says before running to him and squeezing his arms around his waist tightly. "Oh my god, I was so worried when you suddenly hung up and I heard gunshots - " he rants and then frowns, punching Nice squarely on the chest. "Don't ever do that again."

Nice grunts from the abrupt action and pouts, rubbing where Murasaki hit him. "Sorry." He smiles, rubbing Murasaki's head affectionately, "Just didn't want you to get involved."

The boy blushes and hides his face in Nice's shirt, murmuring something in the blue fabric.

"Hmm? What was that, Murasaki?" Nice grins, fully enjoying Murasaki's embarrassment, that bastard.

The boy merely huffs and clenches his teeth, grinding out, "I said, I don't mind getting involved if it's you."

Nice's smile grows wider and he winds his arms around Murasaki's shoulders, hugging him tightly.

"Thanks."

"I'm just glad you aren't dead," Murasaki sighs and trails his gaze to the limp body beside them, the limbs twitching sporadically under heavy metal and Murasaki looks away guiltily.

Nice follows Murasaki's line gaze and winces at the damage done to his friend - well, ex-best friend, he supposes.

"Well, I can't really say that to the guy over there..." Murasaki trails off, the silence not as comfortable as it was before.

"Yeah," Nice breathes out, almost sadly.

Murasaki lets go of Nice and looks at his feet instead, suddenly feeling ashamed of what he had done in the spur of the moment. His hands feel clammy again, not the pleasant buzz from before but more

like the kind of sweat one emits when guilty of something.

Before he can open his mouth, Nice beats him to it. "You don't have to apologize."

Murasaki sneaks a glance and suddenly he can see how \_tired \_the other man is, slight bags under his eyes and his posture sagging more than usual.

"It's not like I can condone this type of behavior," he laughs, dryly, "but, he's gone too far down; I don't think it'd make much of a difference if I tried to help him or not. I'll end up dead anyway and he'd get what he wanted."

He turns his back to Murasaki, enveloped in the shadows surrounding them. "He'll heal soon. Let's get out of here while we have the chance," he spits out, almost bitterly.

Murasaki obeys, knowing it would be fruitless to delve into the already shaky waters even further and jogs behind, leaving the gruesome scene behind for the officials to take care of.

They walk silently, the night eerily quiet save for the annual gust blowing and their hushed breathing. There aren't any stars, leaving the black void of the sky to swallow the city whole with eternal darkness.

It's when Nice stops walking that Murasaki suddenly remembers that he has no idea where he's going and was just mindlessly following Nice the entire time. (\_Is this what they mean by love is blind? \_he thinks jokingly. Then he wills the smile away, because no he did not just think that).

"Murasaki," he starts and turns around, his shoulders hunched and the corners of his mouth pinched.

"I..." he sighs and runs a hand through his hair angrily, muttering a \_how do I say this? \_under his breath.

He straightens his posture and stares at Murasaki with a fierce determination in his eyes.

"Murasaki, I know that you'd be willing to endure a lot of things for me, and I appreciate that, I really do," he rests his hand on Murasaki's shoulder, "but, we can't see each other anymore."

Murasaki's eyes widen and he stares at Nice incredulously, thinking that this must be some kind of \_joke\_, what does he mean by he can't see Nice anymore?, but the guilt in Nice's blue eyes, the same eyes that Murasaki so very adores, is answer enough and Murasaki can't help but feel a sense of...betrayal.

"W-What do you mean...?" he starts, cursing inwardly for letting his voice crack midway.

"Murasaki, this is for your own safety - "

"What do you mean I can't see you anymore?! After all we've been through?!" His voice raises in volume steadily, anger and hurt

dripping from each word.

He can feel Nice trying to get closer to him and try to soothe him but he backs away, tears threatening to escape from the corners of his eye. He wipes at it aggressively, blaming teenage mood swings for the sudden waterworks.

"I've even killed someone for you!" he shouts and he hears Nice gasp. He wants to stop, but he can't, \_he can't\_, every word is spilling out like a flood and damn will he regret this in the morning after yelling at Nice but the pure rage just blocks out his sensible side.

Murasaki stops ranting when he feels shaky arms envelop his shoulders in a hug and he doesn't stop the tears falling down his cheeks when Nice mutters \_I'm sorry, I'm so sorry\_ over and over again into his hair, to the point that the phrase is burned into his scalp, seeps through his skull, and pounds against his head relentlessly.

His wails grow even louder when he feels something wet pool on his head and trail down until it mixes with his own tears and he just cries and cries into Nice's shirt, both of their anguish swallowed by the silent night sky.

\* \* \*

><p>Murasaki is seventeen and he has not seen the twenty-five year old for two years.</p>

He swears that he's got the patience of a saint but he could only wait for so long before getting so annoyed that he actually vowed to punch Nice's pretty face past recognition (and then kiss it better afterwards. \_No\_, he scowls, \_he'll have to kiss his own goddamn wounds\_).

He wriggles his toes in the water absentmindedly, his discarded boots resting besides him.

He sighs (he's sure that he's sighed so much that the air around him is partly composed of just his breath) and lies down, spreading out his arms and huffs at the sand seeping into his back.

The beach is silent, evident by the lack of inhabitants and the setting sun, the time people rather stay at home than get their feet soiled by sand (the perfect time and place for Murasaki to think, but in retrospect, this was possibly the worst of his ideas since the magnificent blue of the ocean reminds him of a \_certain someone and why did he pick this place out of all places\_).

"Where are you, Nice...?" he thinks aloud, sitting up and skipping a stone into the vast ocean highlighted by pink and orange. He rests back on his hands, basking in the afterglow of the sunset when

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"Eh, what's the matter, Murasaki? Feeling lonely?"

Murasaki swivels his body the moment he hears the voice, so fast he almost hurt his waist from twisting so quickly, but he ignores it in favor and jumping onto Nice.

"W-Waah?" Nice gasps unintelligibly, falling to the ground pathetically when the teen abruptly tackles him.

He laughs, all joyous and bright, and Murasaki almost forgot why he was mad in the first place. Almost.

"Asshole!" He shouts, making Nice yelp at the same time as he pummels at Nice's chest relentlessly.

"Murasaki, what the he - " he twists his body so that Murasaki's back is on the ground, "would you just - " he grunts when he feels Murasaki hit him again, "oh my god, did you just punch my dick?!\_"

His only answer is Murasaki's slightly ashamed glare and his face flares in embarrassment when he realizes what Nice has just said.

He's about to apologize but instead comes out a, "Get off me, jerkface!"

"I will when you calm down and let me explain!" he shouts back, opting to straddle Murasaki's waist and pinning down his wrists as a means for him to stop moving.

Murasaki ceases all movement and Nice smirks down at him, oblivious to the suggestive position he put them in.

"Alright then, now that you're quiet - "

"Nice - "

" - oh, what now?"

"Um," Murasaki trails off, his cheeks feeling hot all of a sudden and Nice's looming presence over his person is certainly not helping him. "You should really get off me..."

"Huh, why?" Nice asks, his face contorting into a ridiculous confused expression which Murasaki would've laughed at if it weren't for their current predicament. His gaze shifts from him pinning down the teen to his hips precariously positioned above Murasaki's waist.

"Oh," is all he says. "Oh.."

Even after his enlightenment, Nice doesn't budge, seemingly in a daze and Murasaki coughs awkwardly, snapping the brunet out of his trance. He yelps all too loudly and scurries off of Murasaki, putting a considerable amount of distance between them. It doesn't take long for the silence to take an uncomfortable turn, the waves crashing innocently on the shore ahead of them.

"So, what did you want to tell me?" Murasaki asks, wanting the silence to end.

Nice startles, already forgetting about their previous situation and moves to Murasaki, his knees scratching the sand.

"Oh, right. Well, I want to apologize first, for leaving so long, again," he starts, smiling grimly, "even though I probably don't

deserve it." He looks to the now purple sky as the stars glitter over the calm ocean.

"It's just that, I don't mean to leave you. I don't know how to explain this, but, I can't have people I care about getting sucked into my problems."

Murasaki snorts. "That's what you said last time."

"Yeah," Nice sighs. His finger idly traces the sand next to him, soiling his hand as he continues to watch the water, his gaze not once meeting Murasaki's since he began speaking.

Murasaki remains silent, transfixed with the finger's movement, watching the appendage make random patterns into the sand.

"Did you mean that?" he asks, abruptly.

"What?"

"About the whole 'we shouldn't talk with each other anymore' thing."

Nice frowns. "No, of course not. I was worried that the people after me will target you since we've interacted before. I only said it for your own safety," he finishes, sincere about his excuse for his absence.

"I can take care of myself," Murasaki argues. "Well, except for the whole 'accidentally killing your friend' part," he adds in, sheepishly. "I didn't mean to, though. I swear."

Nice shakes his head, laughing lowly. "Yeah, well about that. He's not actually dead..."

"What."

"He's...alive. Somewhere out there. Doing things an ex-best friend does."

"What the actual hell, Nice."

"What? I'm alive now and he's not gonna bother us anytime soon," Nice defends. "Well, I don't think he's going to..." he mutters to himself.

"Nice, you idiot," Murasaki says blankly, completely baffled by how the brunet manages to remain light-hearted about his situation.

"Don't sass me. I don't tell you how to live your life," he retorts dramatically.

The conversation falls into silence again, though it wasn't as strained as before and Nice didn't look like he wanted to run away (well, Murasaki liked to think so).

He's surprised, in all honesty, how Nice decided to meet him again, even when he's the one who said not to, even when that's the most ridiculous idea he's suggested yet. Even when he decides things for

himself without the input of others, even when he believed that ignoring Murasaki would be good for him. Even then, no matter how infuriating Nice is, he can't bring himself to hate him.

"Even though I'm still mad at you and sometimes I just want to punch your face," Murasaki ignores Nice's shout of protest, "I can understand where you're coming from. But being a distant asshole who runs away from their problems won't help."

"Wow, thanks for sugarcoating all of that," Nice deadpans, feeling the teen's admittedly wise words cut deep into his ego.

"No problem," Murasaki says cheekily. He stands up, brushing the stray sand from his pants and extends an arm to the brunet.

"Seriously, though. Pull that kind of disappearing nonsense again and I will kick your ass," he states coldly, satisfied with Nice's slightly afraid reaction.

"Noted," Nice replies quickly and clasps onto his hand, Murasaki hoisting him up easily when he realizes -

"Wait." Nice walks closer to Murasaki, close enough so that there was only a finger's width between their chests, "are you taller than me?!"

"Uh, yeah. You just noticed?" Murasaki asks, highly amused.

"Obviously, since I was too busy having a heart-to-heart with you and making sure that you didn't hate me," he sasses, his hands on his hips. Murasaki smiles at the posture and it grows wider when he sees that Nice is slightly on his tiptoes to spew sarcasm to his face.

"Hey! What are you smiling about? Don't look down at your elders!"

Murasaki immediately covers his mouth with his hand, trying to contain the laughter crawling up his throat. "Nothing. And it's not my fault you're short," he retorts easily, finding much humor in poking fun at their visible height difference as Nice continues to fume.

"Great, a kid is towering over me. Now how am I supposed to feel like an adult?"

"Well, if it's any help, you weren't much of an adult to begin with."

"It's nice to see that your growth hasn't deterred that humor of yours," Nice grumbles, turning away.

"It's nice to just see you," Murasaki blurts out and upon realization of what he said, clamps both hands over his mouth.

Nice's mouth falls slack at the sudden confession and blushes intensely. "Don't take me lightly," he says, the red on his cheeks lowering the threat in his voice.

Before Murasaki can say anything, he feels trembling arms wrap around his back and brown hair tickling his chin. He looks down to the brunet's face snuggling into his chest and the barely inaudible muttering of I can't believe I care for this asshole.

His surprise quickly transforms to glee and he winds his arms around Nice's shoulders, squeezing him further into his torso and he laughs at the cute squeak Nice lets out (he remembers it for later, under the guise of teasing Nice about it when he knows fully well that it was an adorable sound for him to treasure).

"The ever so great Nice is affectionate towards me. Whatever shall I do?" Murasaki laughs, Nice's angry grumbling amusing him further. He nudges Nice's face with his hand and lifts it from his chest, quickly placing a kiss on his cheek, at the juncture of soft skin and a rough bandage.

Nice pouts when Murasaki pulls away and places his hand at the back of his neck, tugging him closer.

"Kiss me properly, you wimp," he teases, the blush on his cheeks all too noticeable.

Murasaki obliges and leans down, slotting his mouth against Nice's eager one as the twinkling stars above hover over their entwined shadows like a promise.

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\*\*fin.\*\*

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><p><strong>if u are reading this now congrats ur a trooper<strong>

\*\*this took me forever to do like u have no idea its been sitting in my folder for like five years and its incompleteness has been mocking me so i was like 'fuck it' and finished\*\*

\*\*its because of my uncaringness that this was probably majorly ooc i'm so sorry about that but i'm too lazy to change and rearrange everything but w/e it. is. done. \*\*

\*\*so uh yeah first au shit i've written and it's actual shit wow incredible if u expect quality shit don't come to me\*\*

\*\*also this was originally supposed to be part of the fmhty series but it got out of hand and yeah so it'll be a standalone fic i guess

><strong>

\*\*title is from 'this is not the end' by krewella ye\*\*

\*\*alright this is a long ass note so i'll just end it here ok bye\*\*

End  
file.